The Wreckers: The Streamers | Book #2
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The Wreckers: The Streamers | Book #2

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Summary

In their second outing, Vanessa and Jordan turn their attention from the privacy of a single household to the glare of the internet, targeting a young couple whose entire relationship is a performance for a watching audience. This volume moves the Wreckers' method into a more public arena — engagement metrics, parasocial fandoms, and the brittle architecture of a life lived on camera. It's a study in how a partnership built for an audience can come apart when that audience is turned against it, and in the difference between the people we perform and the people we actually are. The book sharpens the series' central question of what these two are willing to do, and to whom.

Chapter 1

Chapter One

The Algorithm Starts Whispering

King stared at the analytics dashboard in disbelief.

Their joint stream from last night — the one they'd spent three days hyping — had only pulled 47k views.

Last month, that same type of content would have hit 280k minimum.

"What the fuck…" he muttered.

He refreshed the page three times, like the numbers might magically fix themselves. They didn't.

Mika walked into the streaming room wearing one of his oversized hoodies, hair still damp from the shower. She took one look at his face and sighed.

"Still bad?"

"Worse," King said, running a hand through his hair. "We lost another 12% overnight. Even the VOD is tanking. I don't get it. That stream was solid."

Mika leaned over his shoulder and stared at the screen. The drop was brutal. Their engagement had been bleeding for days now, but last night's numbers were a gut punch.

"Maybe it's just the algorithm being weird again?" she offered, though even she didn't sound convinced.

King let out a humorless laugh. "Yeah. The algorithm. That's what everyone says when their shit dies."

He didn't say what they were both thinking — that maybe it wasn't the algorithm at all.

Across town, in a quiet hotel suite, Vanessa and Jordan sat side by side on the couch with their laptops open.

Vanessa took a sip of wine and smiled at her screen. "They're blaming the algorithm. How cute."

Jordan chuckled, eyes flicking between three different accounts he was running simultaneously. "They always do. Makes it easier for us."

He clicked a button and another wave of mass reports hit King and Mika's latest video. At the same time, a bot farm he controlled began flooding their comment sections with low-engagement spam and negative keywords.

"Engagement is dropping like a rock," Jordan said with satisfaction. "Their reach is getting throttled. By tomorrow their sponsors are going to start asking questions."

Vanessa leaned over and kissed his cheek. "You're so sexy when you're destroying people's livelihoods."

Jordan grinned and pulled her closer. "You haven't even seen the best part yet."

He opened a fresh account — one he'd spent weeks carefully building with a friendly, generous persona.

Username: JordanTheDonor

He navigated to KingFoster's live stream, which had just gone live, and dropped a $500 donation with a cheerful message:

> **JordanTheDonor:** Let's gooo King!! That last stream was fire. Keep grinding bro 🔥🔥

King's face lit up on screen as the donation alert popped up.

"Yo! Big thanks to JordanTheDonor for the $500! Appreciate you, man. That's love."

Jordan leaned back with a smirk. "Hook, line, and sinker."

Vanessa laughed softly. "You're going to be his new best friend by the end of the week."

"Exactly," Jordan said. "While you work on her."

Vanessa opened Instagram and navigated to Mika's DMs. She'd spent the last two days studying the girl's content — the soft aesthetic, the vulnerable posts about mental health, the way she always seemed a

little lonely behind the bright smile.

She typed out a message and hit send.

> **VanessaVisions:** Hey Mika! I've been a huge fan of your content for a while now. Your last vlog about burnout really hit home. I'm a smaller creator but I've been through the algorithm hell too. If you ever want to chat or vent, I'm here. No pressure at all 💕

Vanessa set her phone down and stretched like a cat.

"Now we wait."

Jordan closed his laptop and turned to face her fully.

"Before we go any further," he said, "let's remind ourselves why we do this."

Vanessa smiled. She knew what was coming. They did this before every new target — a small ritual to keep themselves sharp.

"Rules still the same?" Jordan asked.

"Same rules," Vanessa said. "We don't fall in love with them. We don't keep them. And when it's over…" She let her gaze drop to his mouth. "We fuck each other like the world is ending."

Jordan's eyes darkened. "God, I love the way you think."

"This couple is perfect," he said. "They're young, arrogant, and addicted to attention. They built their entire brand on being the perfect couple. Taking that away from them… that's going to be delicious."

Vanessa's eyes gleamed.

"And after the last one," she said softly, "I wanted something louder. Something that plays out in public. The military couple was intimate. Personal. This one? This one's going to be a public execution."

Jordan smiled darkly.

"Then let's give them a show."

By the time the sun started to rise, the damage was already spreading.

King and Mika's numbers continued to plummet overnight. Their latest video had been hit with thousands of downvotes and negative comments. Their engagement was in freefall.

Mika woke up to hundreds of notifications and felt her stomach drop.

King was already in the streaming room, staring at the analytics with a grim expression.

"This isn't normal," he muttered. "This isn't just the algorithm. Someone's fucking with us."

Mika wrapped her arms around herself, suddenly cold.

"What do we do?"

King looked at her, jaw tight.

"We keep going. We don't let them win."

But even as he said it, doubt flickered in his eyes.

Across town, Vanessa's phone buzzed.

Mika had replied to her message.

> **Mikitty:** Hey! Thank you so much, that's really sweet. I'd love to chat sometime. The algorithm has been brutal lately 😓

Vanessa smiled — slow, satisfied, and dangerous.

She typed back immediately.

> **VanessaVisions:** I'm free this afternoon if you want to grab coffee? No pressure, but sometimes it helps to talk to someone who gets it 💕

She hit send, then looked over at Jordan, who was still watching King's stream.

"Phase one is officially in motion," she said.

Jordan glanced at her, eyes dark with anticipation.

"Good," he murmured. "Let the games begin."

Chapter 2: Mikitty

Chapter Two

Mikitty

Mika sat in the dark of their streaming room long after King had gone to bed, staring at the ring light that was still warm.

She loved him. She really did.

But lately, it felt like she was dating his brand more than the man behind it.

The room still smelled like him — his cologne mixed with the faint scent of energy drinks and hot electronics. Their joint stream had ended hours ago, but King had stayed up until nearly 4 a.m. editing clips and checking analytics while she lay alone in bed, scrolling through their declining numbers and the growing hate in the comments.

She used to love this life. The attention. The community. The way people called them "relationship goals." But lately, everything felt hollow. King was always "on." Even when the cameras were off, he was planning content, replying to brands, or talking about growth strategies. She couldn't remember the last time he had touched her like she was just Mika — not Mikitty.

Her phone lit up on the desk.

VanessaVisions: Hey! Still up? No pressure at all, but I'm free for coffee tomorrow if you want to vent about the algorithm and everything else. My treat 💕

Mika stared at the message for a long time, thumb hovering over the screen.

She didn't even hesitate before replying.

> **Mikitty:** I'd actually really like that. Thank you.

The next afternoon, Mika arrived at the quiet café twenty minutes early. She chose a corner booth near the back, away from the

windows, and ordered a vanilla oat milk latte while she waited. Her hands were fidgeting in her lap. She felt strangely nervous, like she was about to do something wrong.

When Vanessa walked in, Mika's breath caught for a second.

Vanessa looked effortlessly beautiful in a soft cream sweater that slipped off one shoulder, dark jeans, and her signature red hair falling in loose waves. She spotted Mika immediately and smiled — warm, genuine, and a little knowing.

"Hey," Vanessa said as she slid into the booth across from her. "You look even prettier in person."

Mika blushed despite herself. "Thank you. You too."

They ordered another round of drinks and fell into easy conversation. Vanessa was an incredible listener. She didn't interrupt. She didn't try to one-up Mika's struggles. She simply nodded, asked thoughtful questions, and made Mika feel seen in a way she hadn't felt in months.

"I love King," Mika admitted quietly after her second latte. "But sometimes it feels like I'm competing with his camera. He's always performing. Even when we're alone. I don't know if he even knows how to turn it off anymore."

Vanessa reached across the table and gently touched Mika's hand. Her fingers were warm.

"That sounds exhausting," she said softly. "You deserve to be someone's person, not just their content partner."

Mika's eyes stung. She blinked quickly and looked down at her cup.

"I shouldn't be complaining. We're lucky. Or… we were. The brand is struggling right now."

Vanessa's thumb brushed lightly over Mika's knuckles.

"Brands come and go," she said gently. "But how you feel? That matters. You matter."

The words hit Mika harder than she expected. She felt something crack open in her chest.

They talked for nearly two hours. The conversation slowly shifted from content creation struggles to something more personal. Vanessa

shared stories about her own past relationships — how she once felt invisible in a partnership, how she learned to put herself first. Mika found herself opening up more than she had in a long time.

At some point, Vanessa's hand never left hers.

When the café started to empty out, Vanessa leaned in slightly, voice lower.

"Do you want to get out of here?" she asked. "My hotel is just a few blocks away. We can keep talking somewhere more private… if you want."

Mika hesitated for only a second.

Then she nodded.

The hotel room was quiet and dimly lit when they stepped inside. Vanessa closed the door behind them and turned to face Mika, her expression soft but charged.

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to," Vanessa said gently. "We can just talk. Or I can call you a cab. No pressure."

Mika looked at her for a long moment. Her heart was pounding.

"I don't want to leave," she whispered.

Vanessa stepped closer, slow and deliberate, giving Mika every chance to pull away. When Mika didn't, Vanessa reached up and gently cupped her face.

"You're so beautiful," she murmured. "And so fucking lonely, aren't you?"

Mika's breath hitched.

Vanessa kissed her.

It started soft — almost hesitant — but the second their lips touched, something inside Mika snapped. She kissed back with a desperate hunger she hadn't felt in months. Vanessa made a soft sound against her mouth and deepened the kiss, one hand sliding into Mika's hair while the other wrapped around her waist.

They stumbled toward the bed, clothes coming off in a rush. Vanessa's sweater hit the floor. Mika's hoodie followed. By the time they reached the bed, they were both down to their underwear.

Vanessa laid Mika down gently and climbed on top of her, straddling her hips. She looked down at her with dark, hungry eyes.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," she whispered.

Mika shook her head, voice barely audible. "Don't stop."

Vanessa leaned down and kissed her again — slower this time, deeper. Her hands explored Mika's body with reverence, tracing the curve of her waist, the swell of her breasts, the softness of her thighs. When she finally slid her hand between Mika's legs, Mika gasped and arched into her touch.

"You're already so wet," Vanessa murmured against her neck, fingers stroking slowly. "Have you been thinking about this?"

Mika moaned, hips rolling against Vanessa's hand. "Yes…"

Vanessa smiled against her skin and slipped two fingers inside her, curling them just right. Mika cried out, back arching off the bed as Vanessa started fucking her slow and deep while her thumb circled her clit.

"Let go for me," Vanessa whispered. "You deserve this."

Mika came hard, thighs shaking, a broken moan tearing from her throat. Vanessa didn't stop. She kept fucking her through the orgasm, drawing it out until Mika was gasping and oversensitive.

Only then did Vanessa slide down the bed and settle between her legs.

The first slow drag of her tongue made Mika's entire body jolt. Vanessa licked her like she was savoring every drop — slow, filthy, and thorough. She sucked Mika's clit into her mouth and hummed, the vibration making Mika see stars.

"Oh my god— Vanessa—"

Vanessa didn't let up. She ate her like she was starving, tongue working relentlessly while two fingers pumped inside her. Mika came again, harder this time, her hands fisting in Vanessa's hair as she cried out.

Vanessa kept going until Mika was shaking and begging.

Only then did she crawl back up and kiss her deeply, letting Mika taste herself on her tongue.

Mika reached down between them, desperate to return the favor. Vanessa let her roll them over so Mika was on top. She watched with dark, approving eyes as Mika kissed her way down her body, pausing to suck on her nipples before settling between her thighs.

Mika had never gone down on a woman before, but something about Vanessa made her bold. She licked experimentally, then more confidently when Vanessa moaned and threaded her fingers through her hair.

"Just like that," Vanessa breathed. "Fuck, you're a natural."

Mika lost herself in it — the taste, the sounds, the way Vanessa's thighs trembled around her head. She brought Vanessa to orgasm with her tongue and fingers, feeling a rush of pride and arousal when Vanessa came with a low, broken moan.

They didn't stop there.

They spent the next two hours tangled together — Vanessa on top, then Mika, then both of them side by side with their hands between each other's legs. They came again and again, bodies slick with sweat, the room filled with soft moans and whispered praises.

When they finally collapsed, breathless and spent, Vanessa pulled Mika against her chest and stroked her hair gently.

"You were incredible," she murmured.

Mika was quiet for a long moment, tracing lazy patterns on Vanessa's skin.

"I've never done that before," she admitted softly. "With a woman."

Vanessa kissed the top of her head.

"You were perfect."

Mika closed her eyes, feeling strangely safe and guilty at the same time.

She didn't know what this meant.

But for the first time in a very long time, she didn't feel alone.

Chapter 3: The Deepfake

Chapter Three

The Deepfake

Vanessa texted first.

> **VanessaVisions:** Hey. Are you home? I need to show you something. In person. Don't look anything up before I get there.

Mika stared at the message for a long moment. King was out — a brand meeting that had already run two hours over. The apartment felt too quiet.

> **Mikitty:** Yeah I'm home. What's wrong?

> **VanessaVisions:** Nothing's wrong. Just wait for me. Twenty minutes.

Vanessa arrived with her laptop already open in her bag and two coffees she hadn't needed to buy but had anyway. She handed one to Mika without explanation and sat down beside her on the couch — close, but not crowding.

"Someone sent this to me this morning," she said. "Through one of my content accounts. I don't know who. I don't know where it came from." She paused. "I wanted you to see it here. With me. Before it goes anywhere else."

Mika looked at the laptop screen.

It took her a moment to understand what she was seeing.

Then it took her another moment to understand that the face was hers.

"That's—" she started.

"It's not real," Vanessa said immediately. "It's a deepfake. AI generated. Someone built it from your public content." She kept her voice even. "The technology exists. Anyone with the right tools and enough footage can do this now."

Mika couldn't look away.

The face on the screen was hers — not a bad copy, not obviously artificial. Her face, her hair, her specific way of biting her lower lip when she was nervous. In the video she was kissing a woman — slowly, like she meant it, one hand cupped around the other woman's jaw the way Mika held things she didn't want to drop.

It was forty seconds long.

She watched it twice.

The second time she noticed her own breathing had changed.

The silence afterward was very loud.

Vanessa closed the laptop gently.

"Who made it?" Mika asked.

"I don't know. I've been trying to trace it since this morning. These things — they just appear. Someone makes them in their bedroom and uploads them and then they're everywhere before anyone can stop it." Vanessa set the laptop on the coffee table. "It hasn't gone wide yet. It might not. Or it might by tomorrow."

Mika nodded. She was aware of her own breathing in a way she didn't usually notice. The coffee was warm in her hands and she focused on that — the specific weight of the cup, the heat through the cardboard sleeve.

She was also aware of something else. Something she had no language for and didn't want to examine. Something that had moved through her while she was watching the screen, slow and uninvited, and hadn't entirely left.

She put it away.

"Does King know?" she asked.

"Not yet," Vanessa said. "I came to you first."

Mika looked at her. Vanessa's expression was careful and warm and entirely focused on Mika's face.

"Why?" Mika asked.

Vanessa considered the question seriously, the way she considered everything.

"Because it's your face," she said. "It should be your choice what happens next."

They stayed on the couch for a long time after that.

Vanessa didn't push. She didn't fill the silence with reassurances or advice or the kind of busy comfort that was really just about the comforter's own discomfort. She simply stayed. Drank her coffee. Let the quiet be quiet.

At some point her hand moved to Mika's shoulder — light, barely there, the way you might steady something you were afraid of startling.

Mika felt it land and didn't say anything.

Outside the window the afternoon light was going gold and horizontal. A pigeon landed on the sill and left. Somewhere down the hall a neighbor's door opened and closed.

"I keep thinking about who made it," Mika said finally. "Like — they watched so much of my content that they could make that. They know exactly how I move. How I look when I'm—" She stopped.

"When you're what?" Vanessa asked. Her voice was gentle. No pressure in it.

Mika shook her head. "I don't know. Present, I guess. Like actually present and not performing." She looked down at her coffee. "That's the part that bothers me most. It's more me than most of my actual content is."

Vanessa's hand moved from her shoulder to her upper back, a slow and unhurried transit. Not leading anywhere. Just warmer.

"That makes sense," Vanessa said. "Someone studied you. The real you, underneath the camera version. That's an intimate kind of violation even if nothing in it is real."

Mika felt her eyes sting unexpectedly. She blinked it back.

"I don't know if I should tell King," she said.

"What does your instinct say?"

Mika thought about it honestly. "That he'll make it about the brand. About what it means for the channel." She paused. "And I don't want it to be about that right now. I want it to just be — what it is. For five minutes."

Vanessa nodded slowly. Her hand settled at the small of Mika's back, warm and still.

"Then let it be what it is," she said. "For five minutes."

Mika exhaled. Something in her chest loosened slightly, the way a knot does when you stop pulling against it.

She reached over and set her coffee down on the table. When she straightened up she was closer to Vanessa than she'd realized. Close enough to catch the scent of her — something light and warm, cedar and something floral underneath.

She reached down and found Vanessa's hand where it rested against the cushion between them. She didn't say anything. She just held it.

Vanessa's fingers closed around hers quietly.

They sat like that while the light outside kept going gold and then going amber and then starting, slowly, to go dark.

"Thank you for coming to me first," Mika said eventually.

"Always," Vanessa said.

It was such a simple word. Mika knew she shouldn't read anything into it.

She read everything into it.

"Stay for dinner?" Mika asked. "King won't be back for hours and I don't want to—" She stopped herself. Started again. "I'd just like the company."

Vanessa said yes before she'd decided to.

She noticed that too — the way the answer came before the calculation did. Mika had her hair tucked behind one ear and was looking at her with those wide, uncertain eyes, and for just a moment Vanessa wasn't running numbers. She was just looking back.

She filed it away. It wasn't a problem. It was just information.

"I'd like that too," she said.

Mika didn't let go of her hand.

Chapter 4: Audience Division

Chapter Four

Audience Division

"King is carrying her. Mikitty brings nothing to the table anymore."

"Bro she's been phoning it in for months. King deserves better."

"Anyone else notice how she never looks at him the same on stream anymore?"

The comments kept coming.

They flooded every platform — YouTube, Twitter, TikTok, Instagram, and especially the official King & Mika Discord server. What had once been a mostly supportive, united community had turned into an all-out civil war in less than two days.

And Vanessa and Jordan were the ones pulling the strings.

From their quiet hotel suite, they worked like artists painting a masterpiece of destruction.

Vanessa sat cross-legged on the bed with her laptop, running six fake accounts at once. She carefully crafted messages that sounded just authentic enough to pass as real fans, while Jordan handled the more aggressive comment sections and coordinated waves of low-effort spam to bury positive posts.

> **KingLoyal4Life92:** I used to love them as a couple but honestly? Mika has been checked out for months. King deserves someone who actually supports him.

> **MikaStan2000:** King is so controlling on stream lately. He talks over her all the time. She looks miserable.

> **TruthBomb69:** Anyone else notice how dead her eyes look? She clearly doesn't even like streaming with him anymore.

The comments spread with terrifying speed.

Within hours the fanbase had split into two vicious camps:

#TeamKing — who believed Mika was dead weight, possibly cheating, and dragging King down.

#TeamMika — who felt King was toxic, controlling, and that Mika deserved better.

The fighting was brutal and personal.

Mika sat on the couch in their apartment, knees pulled tightly to her chest, staring at her phone with wide, anxious eyes. Every time she refreshed a page, the hate seemed to multiply.

Her hands were shaking.

She had been scrolling for over an hour, unable to look away even though every comment felt like a knife twisting in her chest. Some of the things people were saying were so cruel she could barely process them.

King walked in from the streaming room holding two bottles of water and immediately noticed her state.

"Babe?" he asked gently. "You've been quiet for a while. You okay?"

Mika looked up at him, eyes glassy and red-rimmed. "They're tearing us apart, King. Half of them think I'm a cheating whore. The other half think you're an abusive asshole. I don't even know who we are anymore."

King sat down beside her and pulled her into his arms without hesitation.

"It's just noise," he said, though his voice sounded strained. "People online love drama. They don't know us. They don't know what we have."

Mika buried her face in his chest, but the words didn't comfort her the way they used to.

"I used to read the comments and feel loved," she whispered. "Now I feel like I'm being hunted."

King didn't know what to say. He just held her tighter, jaw clenched.

Later that night, King went live solo.

He tried to keep his usual upbeat, chaotic energy, but it was obvious something was off. He was short with chat, snapping at viewers who brought up the drama even when they were trying to be supportive.

When one person typed "We love you both, just ignore the haters ❤□", King's expression darkened.

"Yeah, well, the haters are winning right now," he muttered. "Next question."

The chat went quiet for a moment before exploding again with a fresh wave of drama.

Mika watched from the other room, her heart pounding so hard she could feel it in her throat. She could hear the tension in his voice even through the wall. Every clipped answer, every forced laugh — it was all wrong.

She opened her phone again and immediately regretted it.

The top trending comment in their Discord read:

> "King's been acting so weird lately. I think he knows she's cheating and he's too scared to say anything."

Another one followed right after:

> "Mika looks miserable every time they're on stream together. She's probably planning to leave him."

Mika felt her chest tighten. Her breathing became shallow and fast. The room started to spin.

She was having another anxiety attack.

She closed her eyes and tried to ground herself, but the comments kept looping in her mind like a cruel chant she couldn't shut off.

They hate me.

They think I'm ruining him.

Maybe they're right.

She pressed her palms against her eyes and tried not to cry.

Across town, Vanessa and Jordan watched the chaos unfold with quiet, almost artistic satisfaction.

Jordan leaned back on the couch, arms behind his head as he scrolled through the Discord.

"They're eating each other alive," he said.

Vanessa smiled as she continued liking and boosting the most divisive comments from her fake accounts.

"It's exactly what we wanted," she said. "They used to be untouchable. Now their own fans are doing most of the work for us."

Jordan glanced at her. "You think Mika's going to crack first?"

Vanessa tilted her head, watching a clip of Mika's last stream where she looked visibly uncomfortable.

"She's the more sensitive one. The anxiety is already showing. But King's temper — that protective streak we saw after the deepfake? It's starting to turn into something uglier. He's getting short with chat. Getting defensive. Give it another week and they'll start taking it out on each other."

Vanessa closed her laptop and crawled across the couch into Jordan's lap, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Phase two is going perfectly," she murmured, pressing a kiss to his jaw.

Jordan slid his hands up her thighs and kissed her slowly.

Chapter 5: The Sponsorship Spiral

Chapter Five

The Sponsorship Spiral

It was 3:47 a.m. when King slammed his laptop shut.

The apartment was dark except for the glow of three monitors. Mika sat on the couch in one of his hoodies, knees pulled to her chest.

"We're taking the deal," he said. "We don't have a choice anymore."

Mika looked up at him, eyes tired and red from crying earlier. The numbers had been brutal all week. Their joint channel had lost another 40% of its monthly revenue. Individual sponsorships were drying up. Even their merch store had gone quiet.

"I hate this," she whispered. "I hate how desperate we sound."

King ran both hands through his hair, pacing in front of the monitors.

"I know. But we're bleeding money, Mika. If we don't take something big soon, we're going to have to start dipping into savings. And I'm not doing that."

Mika pulled the hoodie tighter around herself.

"What kind of deal is it again?"

King sat down beside her and opened his email.

"LuxeVibe. They reached out through their brand manager — guy named Jordan Hale. He says they want an exclusive six-month sponsorship. Big money. Like… really big. But they want us to lean into more IRL content. Jordan Hale keeps saying authenticity is where the engagement is right now. That audiences are done with polished. They want real."

Mika stared at him.

"You're talking about us sexualizing our relationship for money."

King didn't answer right away. He looked down at his hands.

"I'm talking about us surviving," he said quietly. "We built this together. I'm not ready to lose it."

Mika was quiet for a long time.

Finally, she nodded.

"Okay," she whispered. "Let's at least hear the full offer."

Two days later, they were on a video call with "Jordan Hale," the supposed brand manager.

Jordan sat in his hotel room with a professional-looking background, smiling warmly at the camera.

"King, Mika — I'll keep this simple. LuxeVibe wants you. Six months, exclusive, mid-six figures combined." He paused just long enough. "The only thing we ask is that you stay loose. Keep your setup live around the apartment. Don't perform — just live. The authentic moments are where your audience actually lives."

King glanced at Mika. She looked pale.

"Can we have a few days to think about it?"

"Of course," Jordan said. "But we have other couples waiting."

After the call ended, King and Mika sat in silence for a long time.

Finally, King spoke.

"I think we should do it."

Mika looked at him like he'd slapped her.

"King…"

"I know it feels wrong," he said. "But we're drowning. This could save us. We can control how far we go. We don't have to do anything we're not comfortable with."

Mika stared at the floor.

"I just… I don't want to become those couples who sell their relationship for clicks."

King reached over and took her hand.

"We won't. We'll set boundaries. Together."

Mika didn't look convinced, but she nodded anyway.

"Okay," she whispered. "Let's do it."

That same night, King logged into VR Chat.

He needed to blow off steam. The pressure was getting to him. Mika had gone to bed early, emotionally drained, and he couldn't sleep. So he put on his headset and escaped into the virtual world.

He spawned in one of the popular club worlds and wandered around for a while, just people-watching. Eventually, he ended up in a quieter lounge area.

That's when he saw her.

A stunning female avatar with long dark hair, glowing violet eyes, and a sleek black dress that hugged her virtual curves perfectly. She was sitting alone at the bar, swirling a digital cocktail.

King hesitated for a second, then walked over.

"Mind if I sit?" he asked.

The girl looked up and smiled. Her voice was smooth and slightly teasing through the voice changer.

"Only if you're buying the first round, handsome."

King laughed and sat down. They started talking. She introduced herself as Luna.

They clicked immediately. She was funny, flirty, and surprisingly easy to talk to. After about twenty minutes of chatting, the conversation started to turn more playful, then more sexual.

Luna leaned in closer in the virtual space.

"You seem stressed," she said softly. "Want to go somewhere more private?"

King's heart rate picked up.

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I do."

They teleported to a private room.

What followed was intense and surprisingly real — the way she moved, the sounds she made, the specific attention she paid to every response he gave. King lost himself in it completely.

At one point, as things were getting particularly heated, King found himself saying something he'd never said out loud before.

"…Would you be my little?"

Luna paused for a split second, then let out a soft, wicked laugh.

"Mmm… you want me to be your good little girl?" she purred. "I can do that, Daddy."

King groaned, the word hitting him harder than he expected.

They kept going — dirty talk, roleplay, the virtual world feeling far too real. When it was finally over they lay together in the virtual bed, catching their breath.

"That was… intense," King said, laughing a little.

Luna smiled.

"You're fun," she said. "We should do this again sometime."

King hesitated, then nodded.

"Yeah. I'd like that."

They added each other's usernames before logging off.

The next morning, King woke up feeling both relieved and strangely guilty.

He didn't tell Mika about the VR session. He told himself it didn't count — it wasn't real. Just a way to blow off steam.

But deep down, something about it lingered.

Especially the way Luna had called him Daddy.

He didn't know that Luna was actually Jordan, using a carefully constructed female avatar and voice changer.

And he definitely didn't know that Jordan had recorded the entire session.

Following Jordan Hale's instructions, King had kept his stream deck live and ready — always on, always waiting for the authentic moment. It had become habit over the past week. The red light was just part of the furniture now.

Three days after the VR session, he and Mika had the argument they'd been avoiding for weeks. It started about money and became about everything else. Mika crying, King pacing, both of them saying things that had been building for months.

It was ninety seconds before Mika saw the red light.

She crossed the kitchen in four steps and killed the stream.

The silence afterward was a different kind of quiet than any they'd had before.

"How long were we live?" she asked.

King stared at the stream deck.

"I don't know," he said. "I didn't—" He stopped. "I forgot it was on."

Mika looked at him for a long moment. Then she walked to the bedroom and closed the door.

Jordan and Vanessa had been monitoring King's channel from the hotel suite. They had the clip. They let it sit for twenty-four hours — timing mattered — and then released it from an anonymous account at the precise moment King's remaining sponsors were reviewing their contracts.

The comments came fast.

> "They're so desperate it's sad."

> "Mika looks miserable. King's forcing her into this."

> "This is what happens when influencers chase money."

King spent an hour trying to figure out who had clipped it and posted it.

He never once considered that he'd been advised to leave the stream deck running by the man who'd just destroyed him with it.

Chapter 6: Qs & As

Chapter Six

Qs & As

Mika's voice cracked live on camera.

"Are you seriously accusing me of flirting with them on stream? In front of 180,000 people?"

King's face was red. The chat was moving so fast it was unreadable.

"Tell me I'm wrong then!" he snapped. "Tell everyone you haven't been acting different!"

The tension had been building for nearly two hours, but it finally snapped during the highly anticipated Relationship Q&A segment.

What the audience didn't know was that less than ninety minutes earlier, Mika had been in the guest room with Vesper — a popular female streamer with over 800,000 followers known for her chaotic energy and flirty collabs — and Vesper had just given her one of the most intense orgasms of her life.

Vesper had Mika pinned against the bedroom wall, kissing her deeply while her hand slipped under Mika's skirt. Mika's breathing was ragged, her hands gripping Vesper's shoulders like she might fall apart.

"You've been so stressed," Vesper whispered against her lips. "Let me take care of you."

Mika moaned softly as Vesper's fingers found her already soaked panties. She knew they didn't have much time — King was in the other room prepping the stream — but she couldn't bring herself to stop.

Vesper dropped to her knees, pulled Mika's panties down, and buried her face between her thighs without hesitation. Her tongue was skilled and relentless, licking slow circles around Mika's clit before sucking it into her mouth. Mika had to bite down on her own fist to keep from crying out.

When Vesper slid two fingers inside her and curled them just right, Mika came harder than she had in months — thighs shaking, back arching, a broken moan escaping despite her best efforts to stay quiet.

Vesper didn't stop until Mika was trembling and oversensitive. Only then did she rise, kiss Mika softly, and look at her with dark, satisfied eyes.

"My little mini me," she murmured. "Now let's go make your boyfriend very uncomfortable."

Mika could barely walk straight as they headed toward the streaming room.

The energy was high when Vesper joined as a surprise guest halfway through the stream. The chat went crazy with excitement. At first, everything seemed fun and chaotic in the best way — the three of them laughing, answering fan questions, and keeping things playful.

But slowly, things began to shift.

Mika's answers started favoring Vesper in obvious, intimate ways.

When a viewer asked, "Who gives better hugs — King or someone else?" Mika smiled and said, "Vesper's hugs are dangerously good…" while shooting Vesper a look that lingered a second too long.

King forced a laugh.

"Wow, okay. I see how it is."

The chat started picking up on the vibe.

> **LunaMoonlight04:** $25 — Mika's been real cozy with Vesper tonight 👀

King's stomach dropped the second he saw the username.

LunaMoonlight04.

He knew that name.

That was the girl from VR Chat. The one he'd had intense, filthy virtual sex with just a few nights ago. The one who had called him Daddy while he lost himself in the moment.

His blood ran cold.

He tried to stay focused on the stream, but his mind was racing. Why was she here? Was this a coincidence? Or was something else going on?

Another paid message popped up.

> **LunaMoonlight04:** $50 — Some people have been very naughty in private lately 😏

King's heart started pounding. He recognized the tone immediately. That was the same flirty, teasing energy Luna had used in VR Chat. She was toying with him — and no one else in the chat knew it.

He felt like he was losing his mind.

In the hotel suite, Vanessa and Jordan watched the stream in comfortable silence.

Jordan dropped another paid message and set his phone down.

"He can't say a word," he said. "Not one word."

Vanessa watched King's face on the screen — the jaw tight, the eyes too still, the forced smile that wasn't fooling anyone paying attention.

"He's going to take it out on her the second the stream ends," she said. "He has nowhere else to put it."

Jordan reached for his wine.

"I know."

The tension on stream was now unbearable.

A viewer asked: "Do you think Mika has a crush on Vesper?"

King tried one last time to laugh it off.

"Come on guys, it's just banter—"

But Mika didn't laugh.

She looked straight at the camera and said, voice soft but clear:

"Maybe I do."

The chat went completely insane.

King's face turned bright red.

"Mika, what the fuck?" he snapped, forgetting for a second that they were live.

The stream went dead silent for three full seconds.

Then Mika stood up, tears already forming in her eyes.

"I can't do this," she whispered.

She ripped off her headset and stormed off camera.

King sat there frozen, staring at the empty chair beside him while the chat turned into pure chaos.

Vesper just smiled at the camera and gave a little wave.

"Oops," she said sweetly.

The stream ended abruptly.

Within minutes, clips were everywhere.

"Mika admits she has a crush on Vesper live"

"King snaps at Mika on stream"

"Relationship Q&A goes horribly wrong"

And in the middle of the madness, one final paid message appeared from LunaMoonlight04:

> **LunaMoonlight04:** $200 — This is the best stream I've ever seen. Some people really shouldn't play with fire 🔥

Chapter 7: The Entourage Turns

Chapter Seven

The Entourage Turns

The screenshot was brutal.

It showed their lead camera guy in a private group chat with three other crew members:

"Honestly? I'm done protecting them. They treat us like shit and pay us like shit. Let them burn."

The message had been screenshotted and leaked anonymously. Within hours, it was everywhere. The internet was feasting on it. King and Mika's own team was publicly turning against them.

But what no one saw was how two monsters had made it all happen.

One Week Earlier

Vanessa & Derek

Vanessa had been watching Derek for over a week.

She knew his patterns. Every Tuesday and Thursday after long shoots, he stopped at the same quiet sports bar two blocks from their usual filming location. She had also discovered something useful through careful observation and social engineering — she had gained temporary access to the crew's private Discord server long enough to read through months of messages.

That's how she found the group chat where Derek and the others openly complained about how King and Mika treated them.

She waited for the perfect moment.

On Thursday night, she timed her arrival perfectly. She wore a tight black dress and walked in five minutes after Derek had already sat down with his first beer.

She accidentally bumped into his table.

"Oh! I'm so sorry," Vanessa said with a warm, apologetic smile.

Derek looked up and his eyes widened when he saw her.

"No problem," he said, clearly checking her out.

Vanessa glanced at his half-finished beer.

"Long day?" she asked casually.

Derek let out a tired laugh. "You have no idea."

They started talking. Vanessa was warm, attentive, and sympathetic. She let him vent about how King and Mika treated the crew. By the time they were on their third round, Derek was leaning in closer, completely under her spell.

Vanessa smiled softly and placed her hand on his thigh under the table.

"I see you," she said quietly. "You deserve better than how they treat you."

Derek swallowed hard.

She didn't rush. She waited until he brought it up.

"I've… never done anything like this before," Derek admitted quietly. "In public."

Vanessa's smile turned wicked.

"Would you like to?"

Derek hesitated for only a second.

"Yeah," he whispered. "I think I would."

Only then did Vanessa slide her hand under the long tablecloth.

She reached for his belt first, slowly unbuckling it. Derek's breathing grew heavier as she popped the button on his jeans and pulled down the zipper.

Vanessa wrapped her fingers around him, giving him a slow, teasing stroke.

"Fuck…" Derek groaned under his breath.

She didn't start stroking right away.

Instead, she reached into her bag, pulled out her phone, and opened her messages. She started texting Mika under the name VanessaVisions.

> **VanessaVisions:** Hey beautiful… you alone right now?

Mika replied almost instantly.

> **Mikitty:** Yeah… King's in the other room. Why?

Vanessa smiled and began stroking Derek with slow, deliberate movements while she texted with her other hand.

> **VanessaVisions:** I've been thinking about you all day. Touch yourself for me.

On the other side of town, Mika was lying in bed. She hesitated for only a second before slipping her hand into her panties.

Back at the bar, Vanessa looked Derek in the eyes.

"I'm going to make her come while I'm stroking you," she said softly. "And you're going to watch."

Derek's eyes widened, but he nodded, completely entranced.

Vanessa kept texting while her hand moved steadily under the table.

> **VanessaVisions:** Rub your clit for me. Slow circles. Imagine it's my tongue.

> **Mikitty:** Fuck… I'm so wet already…

She kept stroking Derek while she guided Mika through her orgasm via text, feeling him get harder in her hand as he watched her type.

> **VanessaVisions:** Come for me, baby. Right now.

A minute later, Mika replied with just one word:

> **Mikitty:** Cumming…

Vanessa set her phone down on the table with a satisfied smile.

She looked Derek dead in the eyes.

"Now it's your turn."

She reached for the bottle of ketchup, held it above him, and slowly squeezed — letting the thick red condiment drizzle down in a cold, deliberate line.

Derek let out a low, broken moan.

Vanessa wrapped her hand around him again and began stroking him fast and tight. The wet, obscene sounds were barely hidden by the noise of the bar.

Derek's hips jerked. His breathing turned ragged.

Derek came hard, biting his lip so he wouldn't make a sound.

Vanessa calmly wiped her hand on a napkin, then leaned in close.

"Now," she whispered, "you're going to do something for me."

Derek was still trembling.

"Anything," he said.

Vanessa smiled.

"In one week, I want you to leak that Discord screenshot — the one where you and the crew talk about how much you hate working for them. Leak it exactly one week from today."

Derek didn't even hesitate.

"I'll do it," he promised.

Jordan & Riley

Riley had been aware of Jordan for weeks.

He'd been introduced to the team as the brand manager for LuxeVibe. He was attentive in ways King never was — he asked her opinion on moderation settings, noticed when she'd done good work, remembered things she'd mentioned in passing. She found herself staying later than she needed to on stream nights, finding reasons to be in the same

room.

One night after a particularly brutal stream, everyone else filed out and Riley didn't.

Jordan was reviewing something on his laptop when she walked over and closed it.

He looked up.

She kissed him.

Jordan didn't stop her.

What followed was urgent and uncomplicated. They didn't make it out of the building. Later they found a motel down the street and took their time.

Afterward Riley lay with her head on his chest, already half-convinced she'd made a terrible decision and equally convinced she'd do it again.

Jordan stared at the ceiling for a moment.

"There's something I've been meaning to ask you," he said.

His voice was exactly the same as it always was — easy, warm, unhurried.

"Those private group chats," he said. "The ones where King and Mika talk about the crew. You have access to those, don't you?"

Riley was quiet for a moment.

"Yeah," she said.

"Anyone should know what's being said about them," Jordan said. "Don't you think?"

Riley thought about the last six months. The missed payments. The last-minute schedule changes. King not knowing her name after a year of working together.

"I'll send them to you tomorrow," she said.

Jordan kissed the top of her head.

Present Day

The leaks hit like a bomb.

The Discord screenshot. The private group chats showing how little respect King and Mika had for their team. Crew members publicly distancing themselves.

King and Mika were completely isolated.

Their own people had turned against them — and neither of them had any idea that both betrayals had been orchestrated by two monsters who had simply paid attention to the right people at the right time.

Chapter 8: Sourdough Rolls

Chapter Eight
Sourdough

The apartment had stopped feeling like theirs sometime after the third crew member's name appeared in the screenshots. Now it felt like a stage that had been struck mid-performance—lights still hot, but the audience long gone and the actors left standing in their own mess.

Mika sat on the kitchen floor with her back against the cabinets, knees drawn up inside one of King's old hoodies. The hood was up. It smelled like his cologne and the faint ghost of energy drinks. She had been scrolling for twenty minutes without really seeing anything, thumb moving on muscle memory while her eyes stayed somewhere past the screen. Every refresh brought new variations of the same truth: their own people had decided they were done protecting them.

She didn't cry. There was nothing left in her for that right now. Just a hollow, ringing quiet.

The knock was soft. Two taps, then a third, like someone who already knew they were welcome but still asked.

Mika opened the door and Vesper stood there in a faded black hoodie and joggers, paper bag in one hand, the other shoved into her pocket. Her hair was piled on top of her head in the messy knot she only wore when she wasn't performing. No camera voice. Just Vesper.

"I heard about the leaks," she said. No pity in it. Just fact. "Figured you might need these more than a text."

She held up the bag. The smell hit Mika before she even took it—warm yeast, toasted crust, the deep sour-sweet of a long-fermented dough. Vesper's thing. When someone she loved was falling apart, she showed up with bread.

Mika stepped back. Vesper came in like she'd done it a hundred times before the channel, before King, before any of this had names and metrics. She kicked her shoes off at the door without being asked and carried the bag straight to the kitchen like the layout hadn't changed.

"Plates still in the same place?" she asked, already opening the cabinet.

“Yeah.”

Vesper found them, found the butter dish, found the knife. She moved with the easy familiarity of someone who had once known every drawer. Mika watched her from the doorway and felt something in her chest try to rise and then settle again, too tired to do anything with the feeling.

Vesper turned the oven on low, slid the rolls onto a tray, and set them inside to stay warm. Then she leaned against the counter, arms crossed, and waited.

Mika didn’t know where to start. So she started with the thing that hurt least.

“They were supposed to be our people.”

Vesper nodded once. “Yeah.”

“They knew how hard we worked. They knew what it cost. And they just… decided we weren’t worth it anymore.”

Another nod. Vesper didn’t rush to fill the silence. She let it sit. The oven hummed. The smell of the rolls grew richer.

Mika slid down the cabinet again until she was sitting on the floor. Vesper joined her without comment, shoulder to shoulder, knees almost touching. For a while they just breathed the same warm air.

“I don’t know who I’m supposed to be without the channel,” Mika said eventually. Her voice sounded small in the quiet kitchen. “King still has the numbers. Or what’s left of them. I’m just… the girl who dragged him down. That’s what they’re saying.”

Vesper’s hand found hers on the tile. Warm. Dry. Steady.

“You were never just the girl who dragged him down,” she said. “You know that.”

Mika swallowed. “Feels like it right now.”

The oven dinged. Vesper stood, pulled the tray out, and split a roll open with her fingers. Steam rose. She buttered it generously, the way Mika liked, and handed it down without a plate.

Mika took it. The crust crackled. The inside was soft and alive. She ate without tasting at first, then the warmth hit her tongue and something

in her throat tried to close.

Vesper sat back down beside her with her own roll and didn't speak until Mika had finished half of it.

"You don't have to talk," Vesper said quietly. "I didn't come here to fix anything. I just didn't want you sitting in this by yourself."

Mika looked at her. Really looked. Vesper's face was the same one she had known before the lights and the sponsors and the constant performance of being a perfect couple. The same steady eyes. The same mouth that had once known exactly how to pull a sound out of her in the back of a borrowed car at three in the morning, years before King ever existed.

Something in Mika's chest gave way.

She set the rest of the roll on the tray and turned toward Vesper. Vesper didn't move. Just watched her with that same patient attention.

Mika reached up and touched Vesper's cheek. Vesper's eyes softened.

Then Vesper cupped Mika's face with both hands—warm, sure, thumbs resting just below her cheekbones the way she always had—and leaned in.

The kiss was slow. No performance. No audience. Just the quiet press of a mouth that remembered hers. Mika's breath caught and then released into it. Her hands moved without thinking, sliding up the back of Vesper's neck and into the messy knot of hair, fingers finding the same spots they had always found. Vesper made a small sound against her lips—relief, maybe, or recognition—and deepened the kiss just enough for Mika to feel it all the way down her spine.

It wasn't like the hotel with Vanessa. That had been heat and discovery and the sharp edge of something new. This was older. Softer. The kind of kiss that knew exactly where it had been before and didn't need to prove anything.

Mika's body remembered too. She shifted closer on the tile, one knee sliding over Vesper's thigh. Vesper's hands stayed on her face for a long moment, then one slid down to the nape of her neck, the other to her waist under the hoodie. Mika arched into the touch without deciding to. The warmth of Vesper's palm against her bare skin felt like the first real thing she had felt in days.

They stayed like that—kissing, breathing each other's air, hands moving in slow, familiar patterns—until the second roll on the tray went cold and the oven light clicked off.

Mika's phone buzzed on the counter above them.

She didn't look at first. Vesper's mouth was at her throat now, gentle, and Mika's eyes were closed, forehead resting against Vesper's. The buzz came again. Then a third time.

Vesper pulled back just enough to speak, voice low. "You should check that."

Mika opened her eyes. Vesper's face was inches from hers, lips slightly swollen, eyes clear and unafraid.

Mika reached up without standing, fumbled for the phone, and brought it down between them.

The screen lit up.

VanessaVisions: Hey. Just saw the crew stuff. You don't have to sit in it alone. I'm around if you want to talk or get out for a bit. No pressure at all 💕

Vesper read it over her shoulder. She didn't tense. Didn't ask questions. Just brushed a thumb across Mika's cheekbone once more, gentle.

"That the girl from the coffee place?" she asked quietly.

Mika nodded.

Vesper smiled—small, real, a little sad around the edges. "She seems like she shows up when it matters."

Mika looked at the message again. The words sat warm on the screen. The same warmth that was still on her skin from Vesper's hands. Two different kinds of warmth. One old and known and safe. One new and careful and already threaded through the worst days of the last two weeks.

She didn't answer right away.

Vesper didn't push. She just reached past Mika, picked up the half-eaten roll, and tore off a piece.

“Eat the rest of this before it goes completely to shit,” she said, and there was no pressure in it. Just bread. Just presence. Just the friend who had shown up with something real when everything else had turned to screenshots and noise.

Mika took the piece. She ate it slowly, tasting it this time.

Her phone stayed dark in her lap for a long minute.

Then it lit up again.

Another message from VanessaVisions.

Mika stared at it.

Vesper didn’t look. She just stayed where she was—shoulder against Mika’s, hand resting lightly on her knee, the smell of sourdough still warm in the air between them.

Outside the kitchen window, the city kept moving. Inside, for the first time in days, the silence didn’t feel like it was trying to eat her alive.

Mika’s thumb hovered over the screen.

She didn’t press it yet.

But she didn’t put the phone down, either.

Vanessa set her own phone on the hotel nightstand and leaned back against the headboard, legs stretched out in front of her. Jordan was at the desk, three monitors open, but he turned when she made the small satisfied sound.

“She read it,” Vanessa said.

Jordan’s mouth curved. Not a smirk. Something quieter. “And?”

“She hasn’t answered yet.” Vanessa watched the read receipt sit there like a held breath. “She’s still with Vesper.”

Jordan nodded once, slow. He didn’t need to say the rest out loud. They both knew what it meant—that the real friend had shown up with something warm and ordinary, and that Mika was still holding the phone like it might be another kind of warmth. One that had already walked her through the deepfake and the hotel room and

every carefully timed message since.

Vanessa reached over and turned off the lamp on her side. The room went soft with city light through the curtains.

“She’ll answer,” she said into the dark. “When she’s ready.”

Jordan didn’t argue. He just closed the laptop and came to bed, sliding in beside her. Vanessa turned into him automatically, forehead against his shoulder, one hand resting over his heart.

They didn’t speak again. There was nothing left to plan tonight. The wreck was already moving through Mika’s chest in real time—two kinds of care pulling in opposite directions, and only one of them knew the shape of the trap.

Vanessa closed her eyes.

In the quiet, she could almost smell the sourdough from across the city.

She smiled against Jordan’s skin, small and private.

The thread was pulling exactly right.

Chapter 9: VanessaVisions

Chapter Nine
VanessaVisions

Mika stayed on the kitchen floor long after Vesper left.

The paper bag of rolls sat on the counter, two of them still wrapped in a paper towel the way Vesper always did when she wanted someone to eat later. The apartment was quiet in a way it hadn't been in months — no stream deck humming, no notifications pinging, no King moving around in the other room talking to himself about thumbnails and retention.

Mika's phone rested on the tile beside her thigh. She stared at Vanessa's last message for a long time.

> **VanessaVisions:** Of course. I'm at the hotel. Door's open whenever you get here. No pressure. Just come.

She typed with slow thumbs.

> **Mikitty:** Can I come over?

The reply appeared almost immediately.

> **VanessaVisions:** Yes. Come now if you want.

Mika stood up. She didn't change, didn't brush her hair, didn't text King. She slipped on the nearest pair of shoes, took one of the wrapped rolls, and left.

The hotel hallway was too bright after the dark apartment. Mika knocked once on the door and it opened before her hand dropped.

Vanessa stood there in a soft grey sweater that slipped off one shoulder, black leggings, hair loose around her face. She didn't smile like she was happy to see her. She just stepped back and let Mika inside like this was the most normal thing in the world.

They didn't speak at first. Mika sat on the edge of the bed. Vanessa sat beside her, close enough that their knees touched. The room smelled like the same light cedar-and-floral scent Mika remembered from the

first time.

“I ate one of the rolls Vesper brought,” Mika said eventually. Her voice sounded strange in the quiet. “She always does that. Shows up with bread when she thinks you’re falling apart.”

Vanessa nodded. She didn’t ask who Vesper was. She just waited.

“She kissed me,” Mika said. “In the kitchen. It felt… familiar. Like something I used to know how to do before any of this mattered.”

She looked down at her hands. “But I still came here.”

Vanessa reached over and took one of Mika’s hands. Her thumb moved slowly across the knuckles.

“You came here because part of you already knew it was over,” she said quietly. “And you didn’t want to be alone with that yet.”

Mika’s eyes stung. She hated how easily this woman could name the thing she couldn’t.

Vanessa didn’t pull her closer. She just kept holding her hand until Mika leaned in first.

The kiss started the way Vesper’s had — slow, careful, asking. But it didn’t stay that way. Vanessa’s mouth grew hungrier, more certain. One hand slid into Mika’s hair while the other moved to the small of her back, pulling her in until there was no space left between them. Mika made a soft, broken sound against her lips and kissed back harder.

Clothes came off without hurry but without hesitation. Vanessa laid her down on the bed and took her time — mouth tracing the line of her throat, the curve of her breast, the soft skin just above her hip. When she finally settled between Mika’s thighs, she looked up once, checking, before lowering her head.

Mika’s back arched at the first slow drag of her tongue. Vanessa licked her like she had all night, slow and thorough, two fingers sliding inside her at the same time. Mika’s hands found Vanessa’s hair and held on. Every time she started to think — about Vesper, about King, about the comments, about the empty streaming room — Vanessa would curl her fingers or suck gently on her clit and the thoughts would scatter again.

She came the first time with Vanessa's name caught in her throat. Vanessa didn't stop. She kept going, slower now, drawing it out until Mika was shaking and oversensitive and still pulling her closer instead of pushing her away.

When Vanessa finally crawled back up and kissed her, Mika could taste herself on her tongue. She reached down between them, desperate and clumsy, and Vanessa let her roll them over so Mika was on top. They moved together like that for a long time — hands and mouths and the quiet, wet sound of skin on skin — until Mika came again, face buried in Vanessa's neck, and Vanessa followed seconds later with a low, satisfied moan.

Afterward they lay tangled in the sheets. Vanessa stroked slow lines down Mika's back. Mika stared at the ceiling and felt the hollow place in her chest grow quieter and deeper at the same time.

Her phone buzzed on the nightstand.

King.

> **King:** Where are you? We need to talk. Please.

Mika read it twice. She didn't answer.

Vanessa kissed the top of her head. "You don't have to go yet."

"I do," Mika said. Her voice was hoarse. "But I'll come back."

Vanessa didn't argue. She just helped her find her clothes and walked her to the door. Before Mika left, Vanessa cupped her face one more time and kissed her — soft this time, almost gentle.

"Text me when you're ready," she said. "I'll be here."

King was in the streaming room when she got home. The lights were off except for the three monitors, all dark now. He sat on the floor with his back against the desk, knees up, staring at nothing.

He looked up when she came in. His eyes were red.

"You were with her," he said. It wasn't a question.

Mika didn't lie. "Yes."

King laughed once, short and bitter. “Of course you were. Everyone else bailed weeks ago and you’re out getting fucked by some girl who sends you supportive DMs while our entire life burns down.”

Mika stayed in the doorway. She felt strangely calm.

“It’s not like that,” she said.

“Then tell me what it’s like, Mika.” He pushed himself up. “Because from where I’m standing, our sponsors are gone, our crew leaked everything, our chat wants us dead, and you can’t even be in the same room as me without checking your phone. I know I pushed the sponsorship shit. I know I left the fucking stream deck on that night. But at least I was trying to hold us together.”

Mika walked over and sat on the couch. The cushions still smelled like the three of them — her, King, and the version of themselves they used to perform.

“I don’t think we can hold it together anymore,” she said. “Not the way it was.”

King stared at her. The anger drained out of him so fast it left him looking smaller.

“They hate us,” he said quietly. “Even the ones who used to defend us. And the rest just… don’t care. We’re not even fun to hate anymore. We’re just pathetic.”

Mika looked at the dark monitors. The analytics dashboard was still open on one of them, a flat line of red arrows.

“I’m tired,” she said. “I’m so tired of pretending any of this is still real.”

King sat down on the floor again, back against the desk. He put his head in his hands.

After a long minute he spoke without looking up.

“One last stream,” he said. “Just to say we’re done. On our own terms. Before they take even that from us.”

Mika was quiet for a long time.

Then she nodded.

“Okay.”

They didn’t touch. They didn’t cry. They just sat in the dark room that had once been the center of everything they thought they wanted and made the smallest decision they had left.

King reached over and turned off the last monitor.

The room went completely black.

Chapter 10: A World Ending

Chapter Ten
A World Ending

They didn’t rehearse it.

King and Mika sat side by side in the streaming room the way they always had, except the lights were low and the third monitor was already unplugged. The chat was open but quiet. Neither of them looked at the camera for long.

King spoke first. His voice was flat, almost bored.

“Hey everyone… we just wanted to hop on real quick and say… we’re stepping back.”

Mika nodded beside him. Her eyes were red but dry.

“Yeah. We’ve been thinking about it for a while, and after everything that’s happened… we think it’s best if we take some time away from content creation.”

The chat started moving immediately.

> “Finally.”
> “Good. You guys were toxic anyway.”
> “Took you long enough.”
> “Bye lol”

King swallowed and forced something that used to be a smile.

“We’re really grateful for all the support over the years… even if things got messy at the end. We just… we need to focus on ourselves right now.”

Mika’s voice cracked on the last word.

“Thank you for everything. We love you guys.”

They ended the stream eight minutes after it started.

No goodbye video.
No emotional speech.
No final collab.

Just the click of the stream going dark.

King reached over and turned off the last remaining monitor. The room went black except for the faint glow from the hallway. Neither of them moved for a long time.

Across town, in the quiet hotel suite, Vanessa rode Jordan harder, her hips rolling with purpose as they both stared at the monitor on the desk. The final stream had just ended. The chat was still moving, but the energy had already shifted from hate to something colder — indifference.

“They’re done,” Vanessa moaned, grinding down on him. “Completely fucking done.”

Jordan gripped her hips, thrusting up to meet her.

“Look at them,” he growled. “They gave up everything. Their careers. Their reputation. Their dignity. All for us.”

Vanessa leaned down, her lips brushing his ear.

“And now they belong to us forever.”

She reached between them and rubbed her clit as she rode him faster, chasing her orgasm while the comments continued to scroll on the screen behind her.

> “They really just gave up lol”
> “Good riddance”
> “Who even cares anymore”

Jordan flipped her onto her back and fucked her deep, hard, and relentless. Vanessa cried out, wrapping her legs around him as he drove into her.

“This is what they get,” he snarled. “For thinking they could be untouchable.”

Vanessa came hard, her whole body shaking as she clawed at his back. Jordan followed seconds later, burying himself deep with a low, triumphant groan.

They stayed locked together, breathing heavily, the monitor still glowing beside the bed.

Vanessa looked over at the screen one last time.

The stream was over.

The comments had slowed to almost nothing.

King and Mika Foster were finished.

Vanessa rolled off Jordan and lay beside him. Both of them stared at the ceiling in satisfied silence.

After a long moment she turned her head and looked at him.

“I need a vacation after this,” she said. “Let’s just ruin an innocent church couple next. Something easy. Something pure. I want to corrupt someone who still believes in fairy tales.”

Jordan chuckled, low and dark.

He reached over and brushed a strand of red hair from her face, his expression thoughtful.

“You know what’s funny?” he said quietly. “These influencer types… they spend so much time staring at screens and chasing numbers that they forget how to feel anything real. They perform emotions instead of experiencing them. They fuck for content instead of pleasure. They love for likes instead of connection.”

He paused, then smiled faintly.

“They made our job so much easier… and so much more pathetic at the same time.”

Vanessa smiled, slow and satisfied.

“So… church couple?”

Jordan nodded.

“Church couple.”

End of Book Two: The Stream

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